

And not vpon your Maid.
In. What is't that you
 Tooke vp so gingerly?
Lu. Nothing.
In. Why didst thou stoop then?
Lu. To take a paper vp, that I let fall.
In. And is that paper nothing?
Lu. Nothing concerning me.
In. Then let it lye, for those that it concerns.
Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,
 Vnlesse it haue a false Interpreter.
In. Some loue of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.
Lu. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune:
 Giue me a Note, your Ladiship can set.
In. As little by such toys, as may be possible:
 Best sing it to the tune of *Light O, Loue*.
Lu. It is too heauy for so light a tune.
In. Heauy? belike it hath some burden then?
Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you sing it,
In. And why not you?
Lu. I cannot reach so high.
In. Let's see your Song:
 How now Minion?
Lu. Keepe tune there still; so you will sing it out:
 And yet me thinks I do not like this tune.
In. You do not?
Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe.
In. You (Minion) are too faucie.
Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;
 And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:
 There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.
In. The meane is dround with you vntruly base.
Lu. Indeede I bid the base for *Protheus*.
In. This babbie shall not henceforth trouble me;
 Here is a coile with protestation:
 Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye:
 You would be fingring them, to anger me.
Lu. She makes it strage, but she would be best pleas'd
 To be so angred with another Letter.
In. Nay, would I were so angred with the same:
 Oh hatefull hands, to reare such louing words;
 Iniurious Wasps, to feede on such sweet hony,
 And kill the Bees that yeelde it, with your stings;
 Ile kisse each feuerall paper, for amends:
 Looke, here is writ, kinde *Julia*: vnkinde *Julia*,
 As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,
 I throw thy name against the bruizing-stones,
 Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
 And here is writ, *Loue wounded Protheus*.
 Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,
 Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
 And thus I search it with a soueraigne kisse.
 But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written downe:
 Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,
 Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter,
 Except mine own name: That, some whirle-winde beare
 Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,
 And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
 Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:
 Poore forlorne *Protheus*, passionate *Protheus*:
 To the sweet *Julia*: that ile reare away:
 And yet I will not, sith so prettily
 He couples it, to his complaining Names;
 Thus will I fold them, one vpon another;
 Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will.
Lu. Madam: dinner is ready: and your father staies.

In. Well, let vs goe.
Lu. What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales here?
In. If you respect them; best to take them vp.
Lu. Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe.
 Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.
In. I see you haue a months minde to them.
Lu. I (Madam) you may say what sights you see;
 I see things too, although you iudge I winke.
In. Come, come, wilt please you goe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Panthino. *Protheus*.

Ant. Tell me *Panthino*, what sad talke was that,
 Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster?
Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your Sonne.
Ant. Why? what of him?
Pan. He wondred that your Lordship
 Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,
 While other men, of slender reputation
 Put forth their Sonnes, to seeke preferment out.
 Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;
 Some, to discouer Islands farre away:
 Some, to the studious Vniuersities;
 For any, or for all these exercises,
 He said, that *Protheus*, your sonne, was meet;
 And did request me, to importune you
 To let him spend his time no more at home;
 Which would be great impeachment to his age,
 In hauing knowne no trauaile in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
 Whereon, this month I haue bin hamering.
 I haue consider'd well, his losse of time,
 And how he cannot be a perfect man,
 Nor being tryed, and tutored in the world:
 Experience is by industry achieu'd,
 And perfected by the swift course of time:
 Then tell me, whether were I best to send him?
Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant
 How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,
 Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.
Ant. I know it well. *(thither,*
Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him
 There shall he practise Tilts, and Turnaments;
 Heare sweet discourse, conuerse with Noble-men,
 And be in eye of euery Exercise
 Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsaile: well hast thou aduis'd:
 And that thou maist perceiue how well I like it,
 The execution of it shall make knowne;
 Euen with the speediest expedition,
 I will dispatch him to the Emperours Court.
Pan. To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphons*,
 With other Gentlemen of good esteeme
 Are iourning, to salute the Emperour,
 And to commend their seruice to his will.
Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* go:
 And in good time: now will we breake with him.
Pro. Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life,
 Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
 Here is her oath for loue, her honors paunc;

O that our Fathers would applaud our loues
 To scale our happinesse with their consents.
Pro. Oh heavenly *Julia*,
Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?
Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
 Of commendations sent from *Valentine*;
 Deliuer'd by a friend, that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me see what newes.
Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes
 How happily he liues, how well-belou'd,
 And daily graced by the Emperour;
 Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your Lordships will,
 And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something forced with his wish:
 Muse not that I thus sodainly proceed;
 For what I will, I will, and there an end:
 I am resolu'd, that thou shalt spend some time
 With *Valentine*, in the Emperours Court:
 What maintenance he from his friends receiues,
 Like exhibition thou shalt haue from me,
 To morrow be in readinesse, to goe,
 Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.
Pro. My Lord I cannot be so soone prouided,
 Please you deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
 No more of stay: to morrow thou must goe;
 Come on *Panthino*; you shall be imployd,
 To hasten on his Expedition.
Pro. Thus haue I shund the fire, for feare of burning,
 And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
 I fear'd to shew my Father *Julias* Letter,
 Least he should take exceptions to my loue,
 And with the vantage of mine owne excuse
 Hath he accepted most against my loue.
 Oh, how this spring of loue resembleth
 The vncertaine glory of an Aprill day,
 Which now shewes all the beauty of the Sun,
 And by and by a clowd takes all away.
Pan. Sir *Protheus*, your Fathers call's for you,
 He is in haste, therefore I pray you go.
Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,
 And yet a thousand times it answer's no. *Exeunt. Finis.*

Actus secundus: Scena Prima.

Enter *Valentine*, *Speed*, *Silvia*.

Speed. Sir, your Gloue.
Valen. Not mine: my Gloues are on.
Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.
Val. Ha? Let me see: I, giue it me, it's mine:
 Sweet Ornament, that decks a thing diuine,
 Ah *Silvia*, *Silvia*.
Speed. Madam *Silvia*: Madam *Silvia*.
Val. How now *Silvia*?
Speed. She is not within hearing Sir.
Val. Why sir, who had you call'd her?
Speed. Your worship sir, or else I mistooke.
Val. Well: you'll still be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Goe to, sir, tell me: do you know Madam *Silvia*?
Speed. Shee that your worship loues?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in loue?
Speed. Marry by these speciall marks: first, you haue
 learn'd (like Sir *Protheus*) to wreath your Armes like a
 Male-content: to relish a Loue-song, like a *Robin-red-*
 breast: to walke alone like one that had the pestilence:
 to sigh, like a Schoole-boy that had lost his *A. B. C.* to
 weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam:
 to fast, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that
 feares robbing: to speake puling, like a beggar at Hal-
 low-Masse: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow
 like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the
 Lions: when you fasted, it was presently after dinner:
 when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: And
 now you are Metamorphis'd with a Mistis, that when I
 looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Master.
Val. Are all these things perceiu'd in me?
Speed. They are all perceiu'd without ye.
Val. Without me? they cannot.
Speed. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for with-
 out you were so simple, none else would: but you are
 so without these follies, that these follies are within you,
 and shine through you like the water in an Vrinall: that
 not an eye that sees you, but is a Physician to comment
 on your Malady.
Val. But tell me: do'st thou know my Lady *Silvia*?
Speed. Shee that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?
Val. Hast thou obseru'd that? euen she I meane.
Speed. Why sir, I know her not.
Val. Do'st thou know her by my gazing on her, and
 yet know'st her not?
Speed. Is she not hard-fauour'd, sir?
Val. Not so faire (boy) as well fauour'd.
Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.
Val. What dost thou know?
Speed. That shee is not so faire, as (of you) well-fa-
 uour'd?
Val. I meane that her beauty is exquisite,
 But her fauour infinite.
Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the o-
 ther out of all count.
Val. How painted? and how out of count?
Speed. Marry sir, so painted to make her faire, that no
 man counts of her beauty.
Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.
Speed. You neuer saw her since she was deform'd.
Val. How long hath she bene deform'd?
Speed. Euer since you lou'd her.
Val. I haue lou'd her euer since I saw her,
 And still I see her beautifull.
Speed. If you loue her, you cannot see her.
Val. Why?
Speed. Because Loue is blinde: O that you had mine
 eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont
 to haue, when you chidde at Sir *Protheus*, for going vn-
 garter'd.
Val. What should I see then?
Speed. Your owne present folly, and her passing de-
 formitie: for hee beeing in loue, could not see to garter
 his hose; and you, beeing in loue, cannot see to put on
 your hose. *(ning)*
Val. Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for last mor-
 you could not see to wipe my shoes.
Speed. True sir: I was in loue with my bed, I thanke
 you, you swing'd me for my loue, which makes mee the
 bolder